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KING OF THE
COWBOYS
and the
VENGEANCE
TRAIL

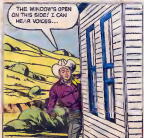
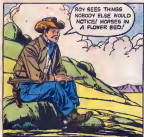


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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS







THE GUNMAN'S BREATH IS CAUGHT IN A STARTLED GRASP



...THEN HE WHIRLS WITH A LIGHTNING-DOOR-FAST DRAWT



4G ROY'S SECOND SHOT
SCORES--A BULLET FROM
BEHIND HIM LIFTS HIS HAT!





BUT BOY'S DEARIE WAS SWIFT AS HIS AWEWE IS COOL!







CANTHUR— JUST BEHIND THE HOUSE...

NO POSSIES GONE TO
TRAIL US HERE, YANCE!

NOT WITH OUR HORSES
SCATTERED AND OUR TRACKS
HID IN THE CREEK!



BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET
HID OF HOKK'S
AND GUS'S HORSES, NOW! LEN, YOU AND
HENT SET THE SADDLES OFF...



STUB, YOU COME
INSIDE WITH ME!



GUS! HOKK!
WHERE IN HELL
ARE YOU?



UGG—HH! YOU
YOU'RE DEAD!

DON'T TOUCH THAT
GUN, WHISKEY HALLLEY— OR
YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!







ROM THE KITCHEN WINDOW, ROY'S PISTOL BARKS... ...AND ONE OF NEWT HALLEY'S HORNS GOES SPINNING!









Roy Rogers

KING OF THE COWBOYS
and
THE LAND GRABBER







STILL UNWILLING TO KILL OR WOUND HIS ATTACKERS, ROY RAIDS THE FOREMAN'S HEAD...

...AND GOES DOWN UNDER CURRAN'S BANGING ATTACK!













A HOWLING MOB FILLS THE STREET BEFORE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE AS ROY COMES IN SIGHT OF IT...



BUT ON ROUNDING THE CORNER OF THE JAIL BUILDING, HE SEES...



AT ROY'S WHISTLE, TRIGGER EXPLODES INTO VICIOUS BUCKING...

...AND THE MASQUERADER LANDS ON HIS HEAD!



AT THAT SAME MOMENT--FROM THE OFFICE DOORWAY--



BREED OF THE PIONEERS

"Attack on Fort Ogden"



The searing dog's teeth snapped viciously at the meat in Little Trees' hand. The Indian boy chuckled, and teasingly held the meat higher. The scrawny dog leaped high in the air and landed, hard, in the dust.

Someone grasped Little Trees' arm from behind, holding it in a firm grasp.

"Why do you tease the little dog?" frowned Chief Logo.

Little Trees rubbed his aching arm and didn't answer. If he told Logo it was because the young bucks wouldn't let him hunt with them, Logo would call him "weeping woman".

Why was nine too young to hunt buffalo? Or rope wild ponies?

Well, at least he could go swimming. Little Trees brushed some red clay off his face and broke into a trot towards the lake. Pawnee boys always ran to strengthen their legs and develop their lungs.

He jogged past painted tepees, hanging buffalo skins and little corn gardens. Once beyond the village, the level plain gave way to tall buffalo grass and slender saplings. In a short time he was at the lake. He slipped off his moccasins and dove into the ice-dotted water. His arms flailed furiously—to keep warm and to discourage snakes.

After swimming across twice, he pulled himself out and dried his shivering body with oak leaves. He tried to tell himself that swimming was fun, but the more he thought about the bucks' slight, the angrier he became.

Little Trees' father had been a feared and mighty warrior. For his son to be left in camp with the women was more than his warrior's blood could bear.

Little Trees kicked viciously at a harmless twig. It was intolerable that Big Trees' son should be a wanderer in the wood, without favor in the Chief's eyes.

He decided to do something about it. It might have seemed like a foolish idea to some; but Little Trees' father was an honored fighter and his son could think of nothing so spectacular as burning down Fort Ogden!

The sun was high in the sky when Little Trees began running. When he reached the Fort, the orange ball was sliding beneath the earth's surface.

It was an old rule that the Pawnee didn't fight at night. This was because the Pawnee believed that if they were killed at night the Great Spirit would not see them die courageously and, therefore, would not let them into heaven. But Little Trees forgot about the

rule as he crouched behind a bush, striking his flints together. As soon as he had a fire going, he took two glowing branches from it and crawled towards the stockade. When he got to the high posts, he circled until he found a space he could squeeze through.

Inside were cabins and sheds, storehouses, and a corral. Little Trees dropped one of his brands (which had gone out) and crawled to the nearest shack. Swinging up on the roof, he jolted the glowing branch into the straw. A wiggling wisp of smoke grew into leaping, crackling flames. Little Trees dropped to the ground, and sprinted for another shack.

A woman screamed "Fire!" and there were sounds of doors opening and running feet.

Little Trees was climbing the roof of the second shack when a forearm slammed against his windpipe. He gasped for breath, squirmed and kicked furiously, but the arm only got tighter. The noises grew more and more faint as Little Trees lost consciousness.

When he came to, he was lying on the



knotty floor of one of the cabins. Looking down at him were several cavalry officers and a tall, muscular man with a mustache and goatee.

"He's awake, Bill," said one of the officers.

"All right, you little rascal," said the man with the goatee, in Pawnee. "Why did you do it?"

Little Trees glared at him coldly.

"You better talk," said the officer. "This here's Buffalo Bill and he's not to be trifled with."

"You can't scare a Pawnee," said Bill Cody. He crossed to a desk and pulled out a straight razor. "If we don't punish him we'll have every Indian in the state on our necks."

The next day, Little Trees jogged back to his village. He had set fire to Fort Ogden and had even been inside the white man's fort and lived to tell about it. Either one of these brave deeds would have been enough to win the respect of the older braves.

But—and he ran his hand over the skin-smooth top of his head—the white man had taken his scalp lock. This humiliating loss would now bring only ridicule when he returned to his village.

With a heavy heart, he headed home



CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES





"FIVE SLINGSHOTS IT WAS, PETE!" AND THE THREE, SAM AND SID, HAD PRACTISED ON TIN CANS TILL THEY WERE MIGHTY GOOD SHOTS."

"ONE EVENING, AFTER SUPPER, THE KIDS RAN OUT OF AMMUNITION."



"SO THEY SADDLED UP AND RODE TO THE PLACE WHERE THERE WERE A LOT OF SMOOTH, WATER-WASHED STONES, JUST THE RIGHT SIZE."

"IT WAS A CREEK BED—DRY EXCEPT IN THE SPRING FRESHETS—AND THERE WAS STILL ENOUGH DAYLIGHT TO LET THEM PICK THE STONES."



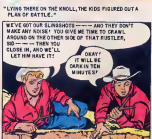
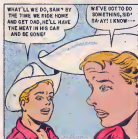
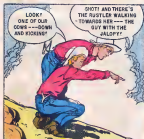


"AROUND A SHARP BEND OF THE ARROYO
THAT BRANCHED FROM THE CREEK BED,
THEY LEFT THEIR HORSES."



"AS THE CAR PASSED THEIR HIDE-ING PLACE,
THEY RAN TO KEEP IT IN SIGHT!"





"IT WAS ALMOST DARK, AS SAM DARTED HIS WAY AROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HOLLOW WHERE THE MUSTLER WAS HITCHHIKING.



"—— SAM TOOK CAREFUL AIM AND LET LOOSE!



"THE MUSTLER WAS JUST LIFTING A HAMQUARTER OF BEEF TO HIS SHOULDER, WHEN ———"



"THE STONE CAUGHT HIS TARGET ON THE SIDE OF THE HEAD!"



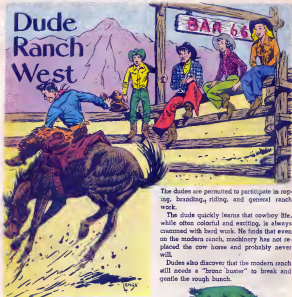
"THE MUSTLER MUST HAVE THOUGHT HE WAS KNICKED BY A BULLET! HE WAS GRABBING FOR HIS RIFLE WHEN A SECOND STONE, FROM SID'S BLIND, CAUGHT HIM ON THE OTHER SIDE."



"HE TOOK A WILD SHOT IN SID'S DIRECTION ——— BUT, AS HE TRIGGERED, SAM'S NEXT STONE HIT THE BACK OF HIS KNEE."



Dude Ranch West



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Even though the "Old West" with its glory and excitement is long a thing of the past, traces of it can still be found at some of the modern dude ranches.

Many of these ranches are tucked away in vast mountain valleys far from crowded highways and big-town "hustle and bustle." There, such game as deer, antelope, elk, coyote, mountain sheep, and occasionally, even buffalo abound.

Quite a few of the ranches catering to dude vacationers let the dude discover something of the kind of life the old-time cowboy lived.

The dudes are permitted to participate in roping, branding, riding, and general ranch work.

The dude quickly learns that cowboy life, while often colorful and exciting, is always crisscrossed with hard work. He finds that even on the modern ranch, machinery has not replaced the cow horse and probably never will.

Dudes also discover that the modern ranch still needs a "bronc buster" to break and gentle the rough bunch.



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



WYATT EARP

Fearless Frontier Sheriff and Marshal

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ALL HISTORIANS AGREE THAT WYATT EARP WAS THE MOST COURAGEOUS OF THE GREAT WESTERN PEACE OFFICERS. IT IS SAID THAT ONCE ICE CLANTON, OUTLAW, COWBOY, AND MURDERER, CAME TO TOMBSTONE AND ANNOUNCED THAT HE WAS GOING TO KILL WYATT EARP. WYATT MET HIM ON THE STREET, AND WITHOUT BOTHERING TO DRAW HIS GUN, SAID, "YOU GO ON HOME, ICE. YOU TALK TOO MUCH FOR A FIGHTING MAN." ICE WENT HOME! WHEN EARP WAS MARSHAL OF DODGE CITY, CLAY ALLISON, DEADLY KILLER OF EIGHTEEN MEN, RODE INTO TOWN DETERMINED TO KILL HIM. THEY MET IN FRONT OF THE LONG BRANCH GAMBLING HALL. BOTH MEN WENT FOR THEIR GUNS, BUT EARP BEAT

CLAY TO THE DRAW, INSTEAD OF KILLING HIM HE SAID, "CLAY, YOU GET OUT OF TOWN AND DON'T COME BACK!" CLAY LEFT AT DIFFERENT TIMES, EARP WAS MARSHAL OF ELLSWORTH, WICHITA, DODGE CITY, AND TOMBSTONE, THE TOUGHEST TOWNS IN THE WEST. HE ALSO RODE SHOTGUN GUARD FOR WELLS FARGO. WYATT EARP'S MOST FAMOUS BATTLE WAS THE BATTLE AT THE O.K. CORRAL IN TOMBSTONE. EARP, HIS BROTHERS, VIRGIL AND MORRIS, AND DOC HOLLIDAY ENGAGED ICE CLANTON AND FOUR OF HIS FOLLOWERS. IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, THIRTY-FOUR SHOTS WERE FIRED. WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED, THREE OF THE CLANTON OUTFIT WERE DEAD. VIRGIL AND MORRIS WERE WOUNDED. WYATT EARP DIED IN 1902 AT LOS ANGELES OF NATURAL CAUSES.



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